Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my Royall Father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady,
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per doleera kee per forsa.*

3. *Knight King.* And with the third?

Thai. The third, of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreath of Chiualry: the word, *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

4. *Knight. King.* What is the fourth.

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word: *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

King. Which shewes that beauty hath his power & will,
which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

5. *Kni Tha.* The fift; an Hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out Gold, thats by the Touch-stone tryde:
The Motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

6. *Knight. King.* And what's the sixt, and last; the which
the Knight himselfe with such a graceful courtesie deliuered?

Thai. He seemes to be a stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch thats onely greene at top:
The Motto: *In hac spe viuo.*

King. A pretty morall; from the deiected state wherein
He is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had neede meane better then his outward
Shew can any way speake in his iust commend:
For by his rusty out-side he appeares
To haue practiz'd more the Whipstocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger; for he comes
To an honorde tryumph strangely furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Vntill this day to scowre it in the dust.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan
The outward habit, by the inward man.
But stay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great shoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome were superfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page; your worth in armes,
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a Feast.
You are Princes, and my guestes,

Thai. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

Per. 'Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it:
In framing an Artist, Art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you are her labour'd scholler: come Queene at th'feast,
For (Daughter) so you are; here take your place:
Martiall the rest as they deserue their grace

Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides.*

King. Your presence glads our dayes, honour wee loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.

Per. You are right courtious Knights.

King. Sit sir, sit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought vpon.

Thais By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Marriage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnsauorie,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

King. Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more
Then other Knights haue done; ha's broken a staffe.